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Daniel - The Modern Dunciad

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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918

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Hæc ego non credam Venusina digna lucerna?
Hæc Ego non agitem? Juv.

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Published by Wilson, Royal Exchange Nov.1.1804.

THE

MODERN DUNCIAD,

A SATIRE;

WITH

NOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

" Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
" That secret to each fool, that he's an ass."

POPE.

" *Soyez plutôt maçon,* si c'est votre talent,
" Ouvrier estimè dans un art necessaire,
" *Qu' écrivain du commun, et poëte vulgaire.*"

BOILEAU.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR EFFINGHAM WILSON, 88, CORNHILL; AND JOHN RODWELL, 46, NEW BOND STREET.

1815.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem is written in imitation of the first Satire of PERSIUS: *the present subject being however of a more* general *nature, the author has in many places been obliged to depart very widely from the original.*

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THE

MODERN DUNCIAD.

P. HOW anxious is the Bard, and yet how vain
His wishes :—
F. Cease this moralizing strain,
What mortal will peruse it ?
P. P'rhaps a few :—
F. Alas ! the town has something else to do,
Than read one line of all *thou* shalt indite,
While BYRON, WORDSWORTH, SCOTT, and CROKER write.
'Tis hard—but—
P. Spare thy pity, 'tis my lot ;
What some might think a grievance hurts me not :

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The Bard by fashion dragg'd before the scene,
Nor wakes my envy, nor provokes my spleen;
Let venal Scotchmen puff him to the town,
And herald hawkers cry him up and down,
Indiff'rent still, I hear the loud acclaim,
Nor court that noisy strumpet, Common Fame.
Yes! I can bear that envy, hate, and spite,
And cold contempt attend on all I write;
That Moore's Epistles, Thurlow's splayfoot line,
And Barrett's* doggrel be preferr'd to mine;

---

* Mr. Eaton Stannard Barrett, Student of the Inner Temple;

A Clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should *engross*.

This gentleman is the author of a poem called "Woman," from

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No threats can sway me, no opinions bend,

I care not;—let them censure or commend.

Yet would I speak, but coward fear restrains

The rebel blood just rising in my veins;

Sets my imagination at a stand,

And makes my pen drop harmless from my hand.

F. Why Truth, that arms the Stoic, ne'er can fail—

P. Then Fear for once give way, and Truth prevail.

When I behold in this weak driv'ling age,

POOLE, DIBDIN, POCOCK, HOOK, possess the stage;

---

which might be extracted many passages that would tend to illustrate the Bathos.

Mr. Barrett has lately obliged the town with "The Heroine," a novel, which Mr. B. *himself* pronounces in his advertisement to be superior in wit to Tristram Shandy, and in spirit and contrivance to Don Quixote!

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Charm Gallery, Box, and Pit, a judging throng!
With Melo-drame, and Pantomime, and song:
See boxing † Y*****TH in the lists appear,
And † HAWKE drive forth a flaming chariotteer;
See C****s ape all that Queensb'ry was before,
A palsied, amorous Strephon of fourscore.
Yes! when I hear frail Misses, grey in years,
Scream their lascivious Odes, and rhyming Peers
In little Sonnets, tender, dull, and soft,
Outwhine the mawkish frippery of LOFFT ‡;

---

† Lord Y*****th and Lord Hawke, the one a Bruiser, the other a Stage-Coachman; both Noblemen, and both * *

Who justly boast
At least superior *Jockeyship*, and claim
The honours of the *Turf* as all *their own*.

---

‡ Mr. Capel Lofft, a Sonnet-Writer in the "Monthly Mirror."—

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Then, then I boldly rise, and dare the worst—

F. Forbear this railing :—

P. I must speak, or burst.

There was a time when CHURCHILL, bold and coarse,
Gave Wit its point, and Satire all its force;
When POPE, immortal Sat'rist! made his prey
The HERVEYS and the GILDONS of the day;
Dragg'd into light th' abandon'd scribbling crew,
And boldly scourg'd them in the public view:
But now, so cheap is praise, there scarce remains
One fool to flatter in our courtly strains.

It is however but justice to allow this gentleman the merit of first introducing to the public that delightful Poem, "The Farmer's Boy."—His Introductory Preface, relative to Mr. Bloomfield, is highly interesting, and written with great taste and feeling.

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Had they but liv'd to witness *present* times,
What sins, what dulness, had provok'd their rhymes;
Satire unaw'd would then have dar'd to speak,
Till deep conviction glow'd on H**D***T's cheek;
And M*N***s, brainless blockhead! stood confest
The public nuisance, and the public jest.

F. Once more forbear—*thy* proper medium know:—
Degraded names! can Satire stoop so low?
When H**D***T ambles in a courtier's guise,
All know the hoary pimp, and all despise.
Does credence wait on each preposterous tale?
Who cares a jot when AGG † and † M*N***s rail?

---

† Mr. Thomas Agg was formerly a Bookseller at Bristol, where he became a bankrupt; since which, he has written a variety of matter for a publication, now defunct, called, "Town Talk," and

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They risk vexatious suits, as well they may,
Who have nor shame, nor wherewithal to pay.
Let them enjoy in secret, dirty souls,
Their miserable bread, and peck of coals;
'Twere cowardice to drag them from their holes.

---

continues writing under the assumed names of Humphrey Hedgehog, and Jeremiah Juvenal. He has lately taken up the title of Peter Pindar, and thus confounds his spurious trash with the productions of Doctor Walcott. It is fit that the public should be made acquainted with the deception; the *original* Peter is too often profane, but never dull.

Mr. M*n***s was Editor of the "Satirist," and renowned for throwing as much filth as any of his contemporary Libellers. In person, he bears no small resemblance to the "Phantom Moore," whom Pope describes,

Of such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days.

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What can provoke thy Muse? scarce thrice a year
*MATILDA's woeful Madrigals appear;
LEWIS no more the tender maid affrights
With incantations, ravishments, and sprites:

---

* Rosa Matilda, as she poetically describes herself, is the daughter of the notorious Jew King; she is a Lady of most versatile talents, and writer of innumerable Odes, Elegies, and Sonnets, as likewise of sundry volumes of "Horrors," in the style of Mr. Lewis's Monk.

The Author of "Tears of the Novel Writers," compliments Rosa's poetical talents, but reproves her laxity of morals: both praise and censure are conveyed in most lamentable rhymes. He says—

Though small the errors of a chosen few,
Those errors visible, my pen has *drew*.

He then proceeds to satirise Black Letter Boys, calls upon the Muse of Invention, invokes the Goddess Fancy, and concludes—*quantum sufficit*.

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Crusca (to Gifford thanks!) is fairly fled,
And *Cottle's Epics sleep among the dead;
E'en †Walcott's impious blasphemies are o'er,
And Andrews' Prologues are the vogue no more.

What can provoke thy Muse?—the blinded school,
Whose greatest boast was that it err'd by rule,

---

* Alas! that Mr. Amos Cottle should venture to compose bulky Epics, being, as Falstaff says, "most heinously unprovided" with the proper requisites; save patience—"a goodly virtue!" Would that he were able to impart it to his readers.

† The wit and humour of this writer can never atone for his scandalous disregard of all decency throughout his numerous works. He appears never so much at his ease as when he is ridiculing the Holy Scriptures; a propensity denoting the utmost depravity of heart.

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That philosophic horde of fools and knaves
Has fall'n—nor PAINE blasphemes, nor PRIESTLEY raves:
Repenting bigots bow, and kiss the rod,
And prostrate nations own the name of God.
Reason, that dang'rous pride of human kind,
For ever soaring, and for ever blind;
Prone to distrust when tardy to discern,
Too weak to compass, yet too proud to learn;
With shame reviews each ill-digested plan,
And turns with horror from "THE RIGHTS of MAN."

What can provoke thy Muse?—in silence deep
TOOKE rests—but not in *everlasting sleep**:

---

* During the French Revolution, a Law passed, decreeing the sleep of death to be eternal. To such philosophers let me reply in

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Another scene awaits his trembling sight,
A gloom more awful, or a blaze more bright!
The veil is rent, the Sceptic's hateful name
Stands justly branded with contempt and shame;
The Christian Banner is again unfurl'd,
And TRUTH once more illumes a falling world.

---

the sublime language of Tully: "*Quod si in hoc erro, quod animos hominum immortales esse credam, libenter error; nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector dum vivo, extorqueri volo: sin mortuus, ut quidam minuti philosophi censent, nihil sentiam; non vereor, ne hunc errorem meum mortui philosophi irideant.*"

As I am upon this subject, I cannot help noticing the many attempts that have of late been made to revive a spirit of infidelity in our own country, by the re-publication of "ECCE HOMO," "THE AGE OF REASON," and other blasphemous productions. I am a true friend to the liberty of the press, but when that liberty degenerates into open licentiousness, it is for the strong arm of the law to remedy the evil.

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P. All this is true—but still enough remains,
Enough in conscience to provoke my strains.
See THELWALL*, void of decency and sense,
Erect, God wot! a school for eloquence;
The newest style of rhetoric to teach,
And full-grown gentlemen their parts of speech:
While from his tub, GALE JONES†, Sedition's sprite,
Nonsense with sense confounds, and wrong with right;

---

* Mr. Thelwall continues "tuning his voice, and balancing his hands" at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields: "preacher at once, and *Zany* of the age."

† This miserable object was formerly the Hero of a Forum, where a parcel of "*Mendici, Mimi, Balatrones,*" used to assemble to discuss the measures of government. It was a ludicrous sight to behold the Westminster Electors shaking hands with him the day he was liberated from Newgate. The Westminster Electors!—"If I

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Rants, bounces, capers, a fantastic show!
To scare the shilling orators below.
Prolific PASQUIN plies th' eternal quill,
FITZGERALD rhymes, and COBBETT proses still;

---

am not ashamed of my company, I am a soused Garnet! There was but a shirt and a half in the whole regiment."

So they have been at their old work again! "Unloading the gibbets." Jack Cade and his mob were nothing to Alderman **** and the Westminster Electors. This man's impudence is past all belief; witness his false assertions respecting the Prince Regent and his daughter, to the Covent-Garden rabble. "He has no children!" at least I should hope so, for the credit of the parental character. It is a fact that savages chuse the most disgusting images for their idols: the ludicrous physiognomy of Alderman **** is well calculated to keep the *gentlefolks* in good humour. His very countenance is the first act of a farce.

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Hoarse CLIO RICKMAN'S* Sonnets bay the moon,

CLIO, a poet, patriot, and buffoon.

GODWIN† pursues his philosophic schemes,

And rapt in trance, JOANNA SOUTHCOTT‡ dreams;

---

* This man, whose person is perhaps, better known than his writings, is a contributer of Odes and Sonnets to the Monthly Magazines. He is an avowed admirer of the New French School of Philosophy, and a staunch advocate for "The Rights of Man." He parades the streets in a strange garb, to the no small entertainment of the mob, who, like Clio, are in general great sticklers for freedom. N. B. He has no passion for clean linen.

† William Godwin, *the Philosopher.*

‡ Joanna's prophecies are expounded by an illiterate fellow, named TOZER. Some have named the pillory as a proper punishment for this deluded woman;—I say Bedlam—and the pillory for Mr. Tozer.

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JEFFREY turns Critic, but betrays his trust,
And hot-prest LITTLE* breathes the soul of lust;
While chaste MINERVA† kindly lends her aid
To calm the scruples of each wishful maid.
Lo, mad enthusiasts, would-be saints, stand forth;
Sworn foes to godlike genius, private worth;
With furious zeal attack e'en SHAKSPEARE'S fame‡,
And hurl their pois'nous darts at GARRICK'S name;

---

* I was much surprized to find my Lord Ellenborough praising Mr. Moore's poetry at a late trial. After this, let us hear no more of indictments for publishing things "*Contra bonos mores.*" The Attorney-General too, with his usual facetiousness, complimented Mr. Twiss's poetical talents.—Mr. Horace Twiss a Poet!—"O name it not in Gath!"

† The Minerva Library in Leadenhall-Street.

‡ The following Criticism is taken from the Third Volume of the

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And while they talk of *truth*, of *candour* rave,

Insult the dead, and violate the grave.

Eclectic Review, Part I. page 76.—Art. Twiss's "Verbal Index of Shakspeare. "He (i. e. Shakspeare) has been called, and justly too, the poet of nature; a slight acquaintance with the religion of the Bible, will shew, however, that it is of human nature in its worst shape, deformed by the basest passions, and agitated by the most vicious propensities, that the poet became the priest; and the incense offered at the altar of his goddess still continues to spread its *poisonous fumes* over the hearts of his countrymen, till the memory of his works *is extinct*. Thousands of unhappy spirits, and thousands yet to increase the number, will everlastingly look back with unutterable anguish on the nights and days in which the plays of Shakspeare ministered to their guilty delights."—And again—"what *Christian* can pass through the most venerable pile of sacred architecture which our metropolis can boast, without having his best feelings insulted by observing within a few yards of the spot from which prayers and praises are daily offered to the Most High, the *absurd and impious Epitaph* upon the tablet raised to *one of the miserable retailers of his impurities?* Our readers, who are ac-

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In Magazines vile anecdotes appear,

And deal out dirty scandal through the year;

For desp'rate libellers, when duns assail,

Dare lawsuits, whips, the pillory, and the jail.

This HEWSON CLARKE * can tell, misguided youth,

What demon lur'd him from the path of truth,

---

quainted with London, will discover that it is the inscription upon DAVID GARRICK, in Westminster Abbey, to which we refer."

To the ravings of these illiterate field-preachers, I shall only oppose one short sentence, written by DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON: "The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury the adamant of SHAKSPEARE!"

---

* Now stop your noses readers all, and some,

For here's a tun of *midnight work* to come!

The "pertinacious, and never-enough quoted," Mr. Hewson Clarke, of whose birth and parentage I know nothing, but with whose talents and pursuits I am somewhat better acquainted, was educated

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With low ambition fill'd his canker'd mind,

To entertain the basest of mankind?

---

at Cambridge. According to his own statement (for Mr. Clarke has favoured the public with a biographical account of himself in the Third Number of the "Scourge," written, it would seem, by a third person, but in reality penned by himself), he is the author of numerous and successful writings, chiefly *anonymous*. But what these numerous and successful writings consist of, it were impossible to say, except indeed I name a lamentable production in rhyme, called, "The Art of Pleasing;" and a principal part of the ribaldry and scurrility which have appeared in the Satirist, Scourge, and Theatrical Inquisitor. But hear we what Mr. Clarke himself says, "Every one of his (mind of Mr. Clarke's) productions has been composed in haste, and sent to the press without revision: (so I should guess) his Sonnets (I had forgotten them) have not been ushered into the world after undergoing the ordeal of private criticism, nor his Essays (still born) assisted in their circulation by the officiousness of honourable friends, and the puffs of dependant Critics."—It is to be lamented that a person like Mr. Clarke, who has had the advantage of a liberal

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Oh! may he late for all his sins atone,

And while he gains their ears, *preserve his own**.

Then ask no more—yet if a doubt remain,

Why thus to Satire I devote my strain;

---

education, should have so far degraded himself as to associate with a herd of pestilent scribblers for the propagation of scandal. Of Mr. Clarke's private character I know nothing, I speak only of his literary one, which is sufficiently notorious to call for censure. Let him remember that the profession of a libeller is a dangerous one:

——————— What street, what lane but knows
His purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows?

And therefore take the advice of honest Stephano—"While thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head."

---

* Warburton says, "Scribblers have not the common sense of *other vermin*, who commonly abstain from mischief when they see any of their kind gibbetted, or nailed up as terrible examples."

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With this reply be satisfied at once,

While Bowles* exists, can satire want a dunce?

---

* The Rev. William Lisle Bowles, "a Parson much bemus'd in beer."—It would be a work of no small labor to wade through the various productions of this reverend bard. Odes, Epics, and Sonnets innumerable, "pass in long review." Let the following extracts suffice.—A Poem, called "Time's Holiday," affords a beautiful specimen of rural simplicity:

"Golden lads and lasses gay,
Now is life's sweet holiday;
Time shall lay by his scythe for you,
And Joy the valley with fresh violets strew."

Next comes a description of Loutherbourg's scene in France, where Mr. Bowles endeavours to be witty:

"And sure none ever saw a landscape shine,
Basking in beams of such a sun as thine,
But felt a fervid dew upon *his phiz*,
And panting cry'd, "*Oh, Lord, how hot it is!*"

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Bowles, who hath cherish'd as a costly pearl,
The horse-play, dull obscenity of Curl;
Th' accumulated trash of Smedley's page,
For why?—to vent on Pope his puny rage.

We have then "*skiey blue*," "*bluey fading hills*," and a large mass of verse, 'yclept, "The Sylph of Summer, or Air," being part of a projected Poem on the Elements. All this might be passed over; but why take up his pen against Pope? Could he suppose that he was rendering a service to literature, by defaming one of its brightest ornaments? But enough of Mr. Bowles and his works: we may forgive a blockhead "that little dares and little means;" but not one that dares *much*, and means *nothing*.

"More last words of Mr. Baxter!"—Mr. Bowles has lately published a poem, called "The Missionary," *corpus sine pectore!* full of his usual affected prettiness of style. I have heard of one John Taylor, the *water* Poet; Mr. B. may be christened the *milk and water* Poet.

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Oh, shame to genius, to himself, to all!
Let him, a courtly priest, supinely drawl
His tedious, vapid, stiff, unmeaning prose,
While princes yawn, and lords-in-waiting dose,
But ne'er profane with dark and jealous sneer,
The strain to virtue and the muses dear.
Is it not hard, (my friend) nay doubly hard,
A sorry Critic, and more sorry Bard,
Whose jaded Pegasus 'yclept divine,
Cries out for quarter at the fourteenth line;
Should for base lucre, (oh, how vilely won!)
Complete what RALPH and DENNIS left undone?
Thus urg'd, thus prompted by the warm desire
To vindicate the genius I admire;
To add at least my humble meed of praise,
To names rever'd in BRITAIN's brighter days;

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To strip the poet of his false sublime,
(Then Bowles, the Lord have mercy on *thy* rhyme!)
And shew that Critics may at times appear
In praise too cold, in censure too severe;
I take the pen—when folly met his eye,
Democritus would laugh—and so must I*.

Now to begin—nor distant need we roam,
Kind fate hath sent us fools enough at home;
Our modern poets, bounteous in th' extreme,
Rhyme on, and make waste paper by the ream.
Five thousand lines compos'd—a modest stint!
Next Westall must design, and Bulmer print;

---

* IMITATION.

The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

Pope.

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Then bound with care, and hot-press'd ev'ry sheet,
The wonder-working quarto shines complete.
Forth comes the promis'd work in all its pride,
The author simpers, and the wits decide;
Is the verse smooth? O, then 'tis call'd divine!
And loud-approving Coxcombs cry, "*D—d fine* *!"
Behold a gaping crowd that never tire!
See Busby †, worthy son of such a sire,

---

* IMITATION.

Lost in amaze at language so divine,
The audience hiccup, and exclaim, "d—d fine!"

GIFFORD.

---

† Mr. George Frederick Busby, son of the renowned Doctor of that name; notorious for publicly reading his father's translation of Lucretius to the nobility and gentry, and exposing himself upon a well-known occasion at Drury Lane Theatre. It was my intention

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(For truth must own, when all is said and done,
The father's *pertness* centres in the son:)
Straining with all his might 'gainst mood and tense,
To make the Doctor's fustian sound like sense.
He views the audience with theatric stare,
His hands with equal motion saw the air;
His voice in dulcet cadence taught to float,
Seems the shrill pipings of an eunuch's throat:

---

to have selected a variety of passages from the Doctor's translation, to give the reader some idea of this young gentleman's modesty in undertaking the task of recitation: but as the work has scarcely ever reached beyond the circle of Doctor Busby's subscribers, I shall not drag from its merited oblivion the language of a Brothel.

It has been announced that *Master George* is about to inflict upon the public a translation of the "Thebaid of Statius."—Will no good Christian dissuade this young man from an attempt that must render him doubly ridiculous in the eyes of the world?

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Assembled thus, our sapient nobles sit
To hear how BUSBY, not LUCRETIUS, writ.
If now and then a sentiment exprest
In language more indecent than the rest,
Strike the attentive ear;—with fond regard,
A hundred hands are rais'd to clap the bard:
The MARCHIONESS adores the charming man,
F**z******t leers, and J*r**y flirts her fan;
While doating H**d***t, tickled to the core,
Starts up entranc'd, and ambles at threescore.

Vain Scribbler! and is this, this all thy aim,
Art thou content with transitory fame;
Fame, that shall haunt thee living, d—n thee dead?
Thus dost thou feed their ears, thus art thou fed* ?

* The two following Imitations of Horace, written by a friend, are not here inapplicable.

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But what avails, if faithless to my trust
I hide (you cry) my talent in the dust?

ODE XIX, BOOK II.

TO DOCTOR B****Y.

I saw (nor disbelieve my strain,)
High, in a box at Drury-Lane,
In consequential trim,
A little pert *translating* prig,
Extend his hands, and shake his wig,
Most ludicrously grim.

With gestures strange, and accent loud,
He lectur'd to the gaping crowd,
About the Drama's laws;
While now and then, in noisy fit,
Some long-ear'd brethren in the pit,
Who thought the *Doctor* still a wit,
Stood up and roar'd applause.

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Why am I learn'd? Why—— Stop this vaunting tone!
Is learning nothing then, till fairly known?

In vain he spoke—the gallery gods,
From their celestial high abodes,
Sent forth a dismal yell;
Nor louder scream, nor hoarser cough
Were heard, when PLUTO gallop'd off
With PROSERPINE to hell.

I hear, in varied cadence still,
The frequent hiss, the whistle shrill,
The loud discordant bray;
I see the spouting pedant staud
Unmov'd,—his *prologue* in his hand,
Amid the wild affray.

Hail, B***Y, hail! eccentric Wight!
The feats of that tumultuous night
Unfading laurels yield;
When boldly thou withstood'st the brunt,
A coat of mail, thy brazen front,
And impudence thy shield.

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But still (you straight rejoin) how sweet the sound
To hear the murmur of applause go round,—

LUCRETIUS calls thee from the shades,
In hollow voice he thus upbraids—
(Excuse the taunting gibe,)
"How durst thou murder my sublime,
Thou wicked son of prose and rhyme!
And bid the town subscribe?

"Think'st thou my philosophic muse,
To teach the lessons of the stews
Was e'er design'd by fate,
To charm the ears of modern jilts,
Or, Caitiff! plac'd by thee on stilts
To strut in empty state?

"Recite no more—vain blockhead, hush!
I swear F**z******T's self would blush,
And Venus, Cyprian Queen,
With all her gay Cytherean Maids,
CLARKE, J*****Y, H*******T, rampant jades!
To hear the strain obscene.

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" That's he," (the finger pointed all the while)
" Renown'd for wit and elegance of style;

" By nature form'd for low debate,
To rhyme, to fiddle, and to prate,
Impertinence thy crest;
O! surely thou wert born to shine
A *petit-maître* of the Nine,
APOLLO'S scorn and jest.

" Since 'twas ordain'd by angry fate
That thou should'st e'er my works translate,
(With common sense at strife:)
What now remains to blast my fame,
And load with infamy my name,
But BOWLES to write my life?

" If thou would'st wound me deeper still,
Let THOMAS TEGG, with desp'rate quill,
Arch rogue! supply the Notes;
And MASTER GEORGE, thy hopeful son,
The flatt'rer play, (as thou hast done,)
And dedicate to COATES."

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"Whom Critic MAWMAN* puffs, whose senseless whine

"Bœotian BUCHAN† quotes, and calls divine."

ODE XV, BOOK IV.

TO THE PRINCE REGENT.

With martial heat I seiz'd the lyre
To sing of wars and conflicts dire,
And valiant heroes slain;
When PHŒBUS whisper'd with a frown—
"O ne'er, to please a foolish town,
Attempt the battle-strain.

---

* Brother Mawman the bookseller, and Brother Salte the linen-draper, published a few years since "A Tour to the Lakes of Cumberland." Brother Mawman is suspected of dabbling in the "Critical Review."

† It seems that the Earl of Buchan received Doctor Busby's proposals "with a *refined frankness.*"

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Stark metre-mad, the lovesick EDWIN sends
Of jingling splayfoot verse, some odds and ends

" To fill the soul with fond alarms,
To sing the pow'r of beauty's charms,
The joys of love and wine,
Shall better far thy muse become,
Than trumpet, pistol, sword, and drum;
For not a strain can CROKER thrum,
To match one ode of thine.

" Let other bards in martial verse
The deeds of WELLINGTON rehearse:—
In numbers light and gay,
Do thou, my friend, HORATIUS FLACCUS,
Record the victories of Bacchus,
A chief, who, if he once attack us,
Is sure to win the day.

" Thy PRINCE demands his meed of praise,
Attend—and thou shalt gain the bays,
(The hungry poet's pray'r,)
For which harmonious CIBBER burn'd,
Which haughty GRAY indignant spurn'd,
And DRYDEN blush'd to wear."

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To driv'lling URBAN, in whose Magazine
Th' invet'rate sons of dulness vent their spleen:

Obedient then, I strike the lyre,
Come, BUSBY, and my song inspire,
And all ye rhyming host!
Come, chaste MATILDA! thou whose muse,
In any sudden dearth of news,
Adorns the *Morning Post*.

I never touch'd the tuneful string
To laud the virtues of a king,
Or what is more—create 'em:
With lighter food my friends I treat,
A pun, a tale, a quaint conceit,
Or *Scand-alum Magnatum*.

Then please your HIGHNESS, tell my muse
What sort of character you chuse,
Wise, tender, or heroic?
A Chief, invincible in arms—
A Lover, fond of beauty's charms—
A Statesman, or a Stoic?

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Proud of the gift so graciously bestow'd,

He prints the thing which EDWIN calls an Ode;

To do what many bards have done,
Suppose I blend them *all in one!*
With compliments in plenty;
And paint you am'rous, wise, and brave,
Chaste, philosophical, and grave,
And call you *one and twenty.*

Hail, mighty prince! illustrious youth!
O listen to the voice of truth,
A voice to monarchs strange:
Thy bright example mends our taste,
Our wives are true, our daughters chaste,
Bear witness, many a slender waist
From Charing-Cross to 'Change!

Augustan days are come, we hope,
For DOCTOR BUSBY rivals POPE,
And MILTON keeps the rear;
Laborious SCOTT the laurel gains,
SIR RICHARD lives in SOUTHEY'S strains,
And SPENCER'S muse, where fancy reigns,
Is distanc'd by a PEER.

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How LAURA smiles! What less can LAURA do?
It gives her beauties that she never knew.

See JAMESON, POCOCK, HOOK, agree,
And ARNOLD, (no small blockhead he),
The Drama's rights to seize;
See op'ras, farces, all the rage,
And KEMBLE banish'd from the stage,
For how can genius charm an age,
Which SHAKSPEARE fails to please?

BRITANNIA! bless thy lucky star,
That gives thee GARROW for the bar,
And LANCASTER to teach;
R**E for a ministerial tool,
Intrepid CASTLEREAGH to rule,
And HUNTINGDON to preach.

My mind, as in a glass, surveys
The glories of thy future days,
To me alone display'd;
Ye years your happy circles run!
Enough—the weighty task is done,
And Phœbus is obey'd.

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'Tis so pathetic! who unmov'd can read?
MELISSA faintly whispers, "Sad indeed!"
In ecstacies LUCRETIA dies away,
And EDWIN grows immortal—for a day!

And is not now the author truly blest,
By Critics flatter'd, by the fair caress'd?
Shall not his praise by future bards be sung,
When envious death has stopp'd his tuneful tongue?

F. By trade a censor, and resolv'd to sneer,
You drive the jest too far; 'tis too severe
To brand a blockhead in your angry strains,
For what he cannot help—his want of brains!

P. Be answer'd thus—his itching after fame,
His bold obtrusive vanity I blame;

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Not the true dulness that inspires his lays,

But the false pride that makes him covet praise.

F. Then censure all mankind, for who is free?

The flame that warms their bosoms dwells with thee.

The soldier to attain it travels far,

The smirking lawyer courts it at the bar;

Th' intrepid seaman wins it at his post,

The man of virtue when he shuns it most;

The anxious poet claims it as his due,

And (pr'ythee speak with candour) so do you.

P. Thus candid, I reply—if now and then

Success attend the labours of my pen,

If those who buy my works, and those who read,

Applaud—and that's a rarity indeed!

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I'm not so proud, so squeamishly severe,
But honest Fame is pleasing to mine ear.
But that I write for *that* short-liv'd renown
Which FASHION gives the vot'ries of the town,
I cannot grant—for mark! the gift divine
Was DARWIN'S once, and BUSBY may be thine.

Athirst for Fame, which Magazines, Reviews,
Too coy, deny the labours of his muse;
MY LORD (what will not *vanity* afford?)
Invites a host of Critics to his board;
Some creeping, slip-shod hirelings of the day,
Whom URBAN treats with "double pots and pay."
"My friends," he cries, "speak freely, tell me plain,
What say the public to my epic strain?"

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Will *they* speak truth, too poor to be sincere?
But I may surely whisper in thine ear,
I who abhor a bribe;—then this—thy rhymes
In dulness rival past and present times;
So lame—the weary audience think they see
Old Settle's doggrel new reviv'd by thee;
So bad—that worse will ne'er be seen again
Unless thou should'st resume thy scribbling vein.

From such pursuits 'twould turn thy trifling mind,
Hadst thou but, Janus-like, a face behind;
To mark the lolling tongue, the side-long leer,
The pointed finger, the contemptuous sneer,
And all the silent mock'ries of the town
That ridicule thy title to renown:

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But thou must feast on flattery all thy days,

And be the dupe of ev'ry blockhead's praise*.

---

* Doctor Busby is very profuse of his compliments to those authors who subscribed to his translation of Lucretius; we have names "unknown to Phœbus" enumerated for a whole page together. Lord Thurlow's "Hermilda in Palestine" is said to have afforded much pleasure to the lovers of fine poetry; and Major James has a long paragraph dedicated to *his* poetical talents. Next to the celebrated Martinus Scriblerus, Doctor Busby is undoubtedly the most profound explorer of the Bathos; take the following as a specimen—

"From her this first, this sovereign rule I bring,
All Nature's substances from substance spring,
The gods from nothing ne'er made any thing."

But the most wonderful effort of all, is the Doctor's account of "Atoms."—"These, (i. e. the atoms), moving from all eternity through immeasurable space; meeting, concussing, rebounding, combining, amassing, according to their smooth, round, angular,

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For mark *their* judgment, hear *their* quaint reply—
—When genius rears its head shall slander die?
A brother's fame what brother bard endures?
Thus envy follows merit great as yours.
You try the epic strain—in colours true
A second HOMER rises forth to view!
All hearts *you* captivate, all tastes *you* hit,
With HAMMOND'S tenderness, and PRIOR'S wit.—
Thus while the hungry sycophants applaud,
Who struts, who swells, who scribbles like MY LORD?

---

and jagged figures, have produced all the compound bodies of the universe, animate and inanimate. The more clearly and compactly they lie, the more the body they form approximates to perfect solidity; as the coalition is less intimate, it will be more vacuous and rare," &c. &c.—Very new and very learned. Who is this after? Johnson, I suppose—*and a long while after him too.*

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And soon he rises in a feverish dream
A first-rate poet—in his own esteem.
THURLOW* (alas! will THURLOW *never* tire?)
New points his dulness, and new strings his lyre;
That lyre which rang the praises in our ears
Of "godlike" princes, and "transcendant" peers;
And rashly gave (the oddest whim on earth)
To SPENCER† talents, and to HOLLAND worth;

---

* Were Lord Thurlow's talents equal to his industry, he would be the greatest poet that ever lived: but what he lacks in *quality*, he makes up in *quantity*.

† Lord Spencer is a most amiable and munificent nobleman.—I think the epithet applied to his Lordship's talents is "*super-human*." Lord Thurlow should be cautious of drawing ridicule upon his friends by such indiscriminate praise.

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With quick dispatch his teeming brain unloads,
Then issue forth Acrostics, Sonnets, Odes;
Loud empty bombast, flights of false sublime,
Not prose indeed—but tortur'd prose in rhyme.

F. Shall Blood Patrician no distinction claim?
Dwell there no virtues in a noble name?
Is TITLE nothing? WEALTH? Pray learn for once
One grain of prudence:—

P. To respect a DUNCE!

Bow, flatter, dedicate, and bend the knee,
A mean dependant—this advice to me?
No, let me rather in affected drawl,
Write hymns with COLLYER *, idiot tales with BALL †;

---

* The following verses are extracted from a book of hymns, written by Doctor Collyer:

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Turn Commentator grave, and pore content,

To find a meaning where there's nothing meant;

" Leaning on thy dear *faithful* breast
May I resign my breath;
And in thy *soft embraces* lose
The bitterness of death.

" In the *shelter of thy side*,
Wounded by the cruel spear,
From impending wrath *I hide*,
Wrath which cannot reach me here.

" From thy head, thy hands, thy feet,
Flows the purifying flood;
See! *I plunge*,—I rise to meet
Justice reconcil'd by blood."

Had the first verse been addressed to his Anna, his Delia, or his Laura Maria, it would not have been so much out of character. But what have we in the sequel? The Doctor hiding himself in the shelter of his Saviour's side, and plunging into his blood! Can any thing be more indecent than such expressions?

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Than shield from censure undeserving strains,
Because, forsooth, they spring from noble brains.
Not fools alone, as mad examples strike;
This metromania reigns in all alike:
Both wit and dunce the restless muse inspires
With equal rage, though not with equal fires;
Not Byron stands acquitted of the crime,
A promise made in prose, he breaks in rhyme.

---

† "The Idiot Boy; a Spanish *Tale of Pity*," written by Mr. Edward Ball, and *pitiful* enough in all conscience; take the following as a sample:—

"O Lady, all the valley *sigh*
For such an helpless spirit fled,
Who can restrain the humid eye?
Know Clara's Idiot Boy is dead."

Harmony, Metre, and Grammar!

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Hark! Printers' Devils say, or seem to say,—

"No rest have we, FITZGERALD *, night or day;

For thee, vain man, a weary watch we keep,

Nor sleep enjoy—although thy readers sleep.

Does SOUTHEY pause, or paper-staining SCOTT

One moment's respite grant, a page to blot;

Thy hobbling Pegasus, a sorry hack,

Still faintly drawls to keep us on the rack.

Should e'er the fates condemn thee for thy crimes,

(For thou to *Sense* art traitor in thy rhymes),

For paper wasted, ink so idly spilt,

Yet kindly bid thee chuse what death thou wilt;

---

* Mr. Fitzgerald is a very loyal, voluminous, and dull writer; he is likewise not very delicate in his expressions towards Buonaparte; loading him with much poetical abuse.

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Think, think on CLARENCE; he (a bold design!)
Resolv'd to perish by his favourite wine;
Thy volumes round thy neck to make thee sink,
O! let 'em drown thee in thy *favourite ink!*"

Where old Blackfriars pours her sable sons,
A mingled tribe of Critics, Bards, and Duns,
Dwelt PHILLIPS, an industrious plodding Wight,
And by the king's good favour dubb'd a *Knight;*
A bookseller was he, and sooth to say,
Not NICHOLS had more authors in his pay.
At Verse and Prose so ready were the host,
'Twas emulation which should scribble most;
And PRATT himself would undertake an ode,
In one short ramble on the Hampstead Road.

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But high above the rest, distinguish'd far,
As Bard and *Tourist*, shone the mighty CARR!
Of scribes the chief! and once upon a time
The undisputed lord of prose and rhyme.
Hist'ries he wrote, and etchings he would draw
Of towns and cities—which he never saw:—
And travell'd daily o'er much foreign land,
(More wond'rous still!)—in Bridge-Street or the Strand*.—

---

* "O day and night but this is wond'rous strange!" exclaims some astonished reader, who is unacquainted with the mysteries of Sir Richard's manufactory; but his wonder will cease when he is informed that Sir John Carr is one of those gentlemen who perform their travels up four pair of stairs. It was not until the appearance of "My Pocket Book" that the public were completely let into the secret of Sir John's Art of Bookmaking.

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And hence arose, with all his boasted care,

Some odd mistakes, which made the reader stare.

Thus German dames were *beauteous* to the sight,

The French profoundly *grave*, the Dutch *polite*;

The Scotch *sincere*, and Ireland's jovial sons

Too *dull* by half to relish jokes and puns*.

Did Critics sneer at some unlucky *guess*?

Sir John's own bulls were—errors of the press:

---

* The Irish are by nature punsters: the following may serve as a specimen of an Irish pun, or blunder.

Says Johnny to Paddy, "this river I'd cross,
But where to take water I'm quite at a loss."
"*Take water!*" cries Pad, "why I'm all in a shiver!
You fool, an't there water enough in the river?"

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And lest upon his back the rod should fall,
The printers' devils were to blame for all.
But soon Sir Richard found, (sagacious elf),
The Knight lov'd money, and his works the shelf;
Whereat Sir Richard, of his bargain sick,
And heartily repenting of the trick,
Consign'd the *quartos* to a different fate,
And eas'd his counter of their pond'rous weight;
To pastry-cooks dispers'd them sheet by sheet,
By which Sir John was read in ev'ry street;
Propitiation just, by all confest,
For martyr'd truth, "and history made a jest*."

---

* IMITATION.

"Truth sacrific'd, and History made a jest."

Gifford.

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Some love a jingling rhyme with all their heart,
Where love and nonsense bear an equal part;
Like Rosa's sonnets, in themselves a host,
Rosa, the Sappho of the Morning Post;
Or Hafiz' Madrigals, but rarely seen,
A heap of sounding words which nothing mean.

Some authors love in epic strains to soar,
And swell to be what Homer was before;
Thus *Aspern's* day, and *Talavera's* fight,
Have made some scribblers in their own despight.
Others, the dupes of an infectious rage,
Ransack the dulness of a former age;
For rare, moth-eaten parchments search the land,
And poring much, but little understand.

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There *mote* you spy the pedant deep *y-read,*
In useless heaps of learned lumber dead,
Damning all modern wit as dull, absurd,
Since the bright days of CAXTON and DE WORD.

How oft some new-fledg'd Bardling on the wing,
Essays a puny flight, and tries to sing,
Whose trifling muse by folly nurtur'd long,
Ne'er soar'd above a rebus or a song.
On *frozen* banks the purple *violets* rise,
And *roses* bloom beneath *December* skies;
For contrarieties in place and time
Our poets think allowable in rhyme*.

* Mr. W. Taylor, author of "Parnassian Wild Shrubs," begins his volume as follows—

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To doggrel verse, where sense is never found,
(An easy task) we give the charm of sound:
Thus,—" With *percussive* palm the door assails*,
" Now scrapes the gritty wall with bleeding nails,
" Now running round, help! help! with shrill alarms,
" *Help! help! help! help!* and writhes her *frantic arms.*
" O live, my joy, my solace! sobs she wild;
" Why do you gaze on me, my heav'nly child?

Ever pleasing! *ever new!*
Never tiresome to the view!
Novelty! of varied hue,
Much I love to gaze on *you*,
Thou who ever art *the same.*

---

* See " Woman," a Poem, written by the profound Mr. Eaton Stannard Barrett.

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" She sees not, hears not! Speak, in mercy move!

" Here, here is *milk*—awake, my love, my love!!"

F. All this is sorry trash, and well may claim

The rod of satire—bear a nobler name:—

—" Of man's first disobedience."—

P. Stop, I pray;

Nor with our wou'd-be poets of the day

Name ONE, who, hateful prejudice apart,

Has reach'd the glorious summit of his art!

Let modern poetasters rhyme their fill,

To charm an hour we've POPE and MILTON still;

And solitude shall never fail to please,

While it can boast companions such as these.

Hence all ye little bards!—

F. Restrain thy gall,

Does *modern* merit claim no praise at all?

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Shall not applause attend on SOUTHEY's strain?
Must BYRON, SCOTT, and ROGERS sing in vain?

P. Think not to such, applause I would deny,
Or view their beauties with a jaundic'd eye;
I mark each nobler effort of the lyre,
I feel a poet's warmth, and must admire.
But when you speak of that poor bauble, FAME;—
How few deserve it! Yet what numbers claim.

To SOUTHEY, well-combin'd, at once belong
Truth, grandeur, force, variety of song;
All that exalted genius can inspire,
A poet's rashness, with a poet's fire.
But still his faults (this candour must allow
Spite of the courtly laurel on his brow)
Would mar the force of many a modern rhyme,
And quite obscure a genius less sublime.

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Whene'er I read (nor think me too severe)
Aught childish in his works that grates my ear*,
I turn to "MADOC's" grand, sublimer lays,
And hate the line that speaks in his dispraise.

F. To SCOTT you'll grant some portion of renown;
The man has pleas'd—

P. Aye, surfeited the town.—
How versatile his talents! full of whim:—
Bard, courtier, critic, all combin'd in him;

---

* Mr. Southey has written much unmeaning bombast, not to say downright absurdity, since his appointment to the Laureatship: who can read with patience his congratulatory Odes, beginning with "Conqueror, deliverer, friend of human-kind;" "Frederick the well-belov'd," and "Prince of the mighty Isle."—Virgil's fame rests upon *one* Epic Poem; Mr. Southey has already written three times that number; yet after all, I fear Virgil will be reckoned the greater poet.

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And much I wish that he had spar'd his pains
To edit Swift, and mangle Dryden's strains.
Stifled with praise—and such, as I can say,
I never gain'd, and hope I never may;
His careless muse neglects a nobler aim,
And looks not to posterity for fame.
Some deep romantic scene, where mould'ring time
Has mark'd each tow'r and battlement sublime;
Where barbarous mirth, revenge, and feudal rage
Shew the rude manners of a former age;
Romances, by tradition only known,
He paints with life and vigour all his own.

The town is pleas'd when Byron * will rehearse,
And finds a thousand beauties in his verse;

* Lord Byron, like Mr. Scott, has raised a host of imitators

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So fix'd his fame—that write whate'er he will,
The patient public must admire it still;
Yes,—though bereft of half his force and fire,
They still must read,—and, dozing, must admire;
While you and I, who stick to common sense,
To genius, taste, and wit, have no pretence.

"Safie, an Eastern Tale," by J. H. Reynolds, after Lord B's manner, opens with this rhapsody:

"Oh! peace had long rested in Assad's haram,
Till the clang of arms, the war's alarum,
Had scar'd the meek-ey'd damsel *from*
Her fair abode, her smiling *home*.
Happiest Assad! then wast thou sharing
The smiles of a maiden fair and free,
As e'er whisper'd love is melody;
Ever fulfilling, and ever declaring,
She kiss'd thee hence, when the steed was mounted," &c. &c.

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Throughout the whole we toil to understand;
Where'er we tread—'tis strange, 'tis foreign land;
Nay, half the thoughts and language of the strain
Require a glossary to make them plain.
Beauties there are, which candour bids me own,
Atone for these—for more than these atone:—
Beauties—which e'en the coldest must admire—
Quick, high-wrought passion—true poetic fire—
Bold, energetic language—thoughts sublime—
And all the artful cadences of rhyme.

Nor less, for sterling genius, I admire
ROGERS' pure style, and CAMPBELL'S noble fire;
MONTGOMERY'S* strain to taste and feeling true,
That speaks the poet and the Christian too.

---

* Mr. Montgomery's poems are distinguished for piety, tend

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Blest be the man with all that fame can give,
Who burst the negro's chain, and bade him live;
Blest be the bard with glory's brightest meed,
Whose glowing verse immortaliz'd the deed.
Far as th' Atlantic rolls his rapid stream,
A race shall hail the poet and his theme;
And waft the sound to Guinea's distant shore,
That tells her children they are slaves no more.

---

ness, and high poetical painting; his "World before the Flood," making allowance for some few inequalities, is a noble production; the Death of Adam and Eve, in the Fourth Canto, is above all praise. Let Mr. Montgomery continue to be guided by his own good taste; posterity will at least do him justice, and his works will be read and esteemed when those of his more successful contemporaries are no longer remembered.

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The praise we justly give to truth divine,

Who can withhold from CRABBE's * unerring line?

---

* Mr. Crabbe is in reality a bard of the old school; displaying an odd mixture of energy, and coarseness; of sublimity, and ludicrous punning; of polished versification, and careless metre. I quote the following passage for the sake of its oddity. It might pass for an excellent caricature imitation of Mr. Crabbe's general style.

" Us'd to spare meals, dispos'd in manner pure,
Her father's kitchen she could ill endure;
Where by the *steaming beef* he hungry sat,
And laid at once *a pound* upon his plate;
The swelling fat in lumps *conglomorate* laid,
And fancy's sickness seiz'd the loathing maid:
But when the men beside their station took,
The maidens with them, and with these the *Cook:*
When one huge wooden bowl before them stood,
Fill'd with huge balls of *farinaceous* food;
With bacon, *mass saline,* where never lean
Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen:

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A bard by no pedantic rules confin'd,

A rigid painter of the human mind.

And long as nature in her simplest guise,

Or virtuous sensibility we prize,

Of well-earn'd fame no poet shall enjoy

A juster tribute than "the FARMER'S BOY*."

When the coarse cloth she saw, with many a stain,

Soil'd by rude hinds, who *cut and come again*—

She could not breathe; but, with a heavy sigh,

Rein'd the fair neck, and shut th' offended eye;

She mine'd the sanguine flesh in *frustrums* fine,

And wonder'd much to see the creatures dine."

This is a description of a Farmer's Dinner, penned "*Con amore.*"

---

* "The Farmer's Boy," by Robert Bloomfield; one of the most beautiful Rural Poems in the English language.

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Hail to departed worth! o'er COWPER'S* bier
Let genius pause,—and drop her holiest tear:

---

* I never think upon Cowper but with the strongest emotions of pity and admiration; and I can never bring myself to believe that the awful malady under which he laboured, arose (as has been too often hinted,) from a sense of his having once "*lived without God in the world*:"—

"*True piety* is cheerful as the day"—

are his own words: let us not therefore suppose that *his* religion was tinctured with melancholy, or that any former *indiscretions* could have caused those dreadful moments of despair which stand recorded in his life. It was an evil inflicted by the hand of the Almighty.

I cannot close this note without making some slight mention of one, whose memory must be dear to all true lovers of genius and virtue; one, whose extensive learning, amiable manners, and high attainments, have done honour to his country, and to mankind.—The late Richard Cumberland—"*Magnum et venerabile nomen!*" As a poet, his reputation is firmly established by his "Calvary,"

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To WHITE's* cold turf a weeping pilgrim turn,
And crown with bays her GRAHAME's† hallow'd urn:
'Twas their's to shun the poet's flowery way,
Of them religion ask'd a nobler lay;
And well their lives it's sacred influence caught,
And justified the precepts which they taught.

---

and many other pieces of sterling merit: his "Observer" bears ample testimony of his abilities, as a scholar, a critic, and an essayist; while his "West Indian," "Wheel of Fortune," and "Fashionable Lover," hold the foremost rank in modern comedy. I would recommend for general perusal a small work written by him, and published since his death, called "A few Plain Reasons why we should believe in Christ."

* Henry Kirke White, who died at Cambridge.

† The late Rev. James Grahame, author of "The Sabbath," "British Georgics," &c. &c. an excellent poet, and most amiable man.

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Religion, meek, benevolent, refin'd,
Breathes universal love to all mankind;
And acting on this principle alone,
Weeps for another's sorrows as her own.
Soft is her voice, and humble are her ways;
Warm is her heart, and fervent is her praise;
Fair deeds of virtue all her hours employ,
She chides with meekness, and forgives with joy:
Happy the soul that feels the ray divine,
(A ray, which sainted PORTEUS* beam'd in thine),
With conscious pleasure she reviews the past,
And confident in faith, awaits her last.

---

* The late Bishop of London—a Prelate of great learning, moderation, and Christian piety.

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F. Why this *is* praise!—

P. Not greater than is due:—

I can withhold applause, and give it too;

Above deceit, I scorn all venal ways;

I freely censure, and I freely praise.

If D****Y call me ranc'rous, *decent* Knight!

When he grows *wiser*, I'll grow more *polite*;

'Till then I laugh at ceremony's rules,

And still include him in my list of fools.

F. Why name you him?

P. To bring before the town

A courtly coxcomb, though he wears a gown:

A *Parson* too!—No matter—let it pass—

Let that too be forgotten—like his *farce**.

---

* This man, among *other things*, is the author of a Farce, called

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A *Journalist*—and such a one heav'n knows !—
I will not, reader, to offend thy nose,
Rake up the dunghill of his filthy prose.
Yet he can flatter with an awkward grace ;
Like some old dowager who chalks her face,
He daubs so coarsely to display the saint,
That the grey sinner stares beneath the paint.

" At Home," in which Mr. Coates is personally ridiculed upon the stage, under the title of " *Romeo Rantall.*" Now Mr. Coates, like Parson D****y, is certainly no very consistent character ; but *his* fooleries are perfectly harmless. *Quere*—Which is the most contemptible, a Clerical Flatterer, or a Theatrical Buffoon ?

Mr. D****y is Editor and Proprietor of " The Morning Herald," a paper notorious for the grossest flatteries paid the Prince Regent, and the foulest calumnies upon his illustrious Consort ; it would be impossible to believe (were it not already a public fact,) that any person, wearing the habit of a Clergyman, could be concerned in a Journal, displaying such a combination of ribaldry and falsehood.

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Let Scott* revile my writings to the town,
As well I guess he would for half-a-crown;
Let Agg, inventive genius! shew his skill,
And darkly stab me with his grey-goose quill;
Let Manners, just escap'd from durance vile,
Abuse, defame me in his Grub-Street style,
In some catch-penny pamphlet, penn'd complete,
Conceiv'd, begotten, born within the Fleet:
"*Pour on, I will endure!*"—with scorn I view
The worst that dulness and her sons can do,
So fortune save my character and lays
From D****y's hireling, prostituted praise.

---

* One John Scott, a small Critic, and Editor of the "Champion," Sunday-newspaper.

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When PASQUIN *, arm'd with libels, stalks by night,
Lest prowling bailiffs intercept his flight;
PASQUIN, dull rogue! who twenty years has made
His pamphlets turn a profitable trade;
How ****** dreads the vengeance of his muse,
And ***** who has no character to lose,
Quakes in his dark retreat; while you and I
With upright confidence his rage defy.

---

* Anthony Pasquin, Esq. alias *Doctor* John Williams: for some account of this personage, I refer the reader to Mr. Gifford's "Baviad," wherein his character, moral and literary, is very amply delineated. Anthony, who has so long "stared tremendous," has now completely sunk into oblivion, together with his pamphlets and criticisms. It is said (how truly I know not,) that the *Doctor* has a yearly benefit at the Haymarket Theatre, under the name of "*The Widow Fairbur.*"—No bad device for one who considers *any* name better than *his own*.

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Unhappy Pasquin! in thy latter days
Few fear thy wrath, none barter for thy praise;
But all thy pointless darts, at random thrown,
Hurt no one's name, but only d—n thine own.

Stands Scotland where it did? alas! no more—
Since truant J*****y † flies his native shore:

---

† The criticisms of this man in the Edinburgh Review are notorious for their vulgarity and profaneness: he is now, it is said, gone to America, leaving the superintendance of his Journal to the Honourable Mr. Lambe, the Rev. Sydney Smith, and others. How far the predictions of these brutal Scotchmen have been verified, present times will shew: Montgomery is still read and admired, and their friend Buonaparte *(O spem fallacem!)* may be said to be "down among the dead men."—

It is curious to read the recantation made by the Edinburgh Re-

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For who among her sons, to speed their gains,
(Her sons more fam'd for brimstone than for brains)
Like him retrac'd the path which KENRICK trod,
Traduc'd his country and blasphem'd his God?
Mourn, CALEDONIA! let thy rocks reply;
Nor LAMBE, nor SYDNEY can his loss supply:
SYDNEY has too much lead—and simple LAMBE
Retains the will, but wants the pow'r to damn;
Too dull, alas! to satisfy a pique,
His heart is willing, but his brain is weak;

---

viewers after the failure of all their prophecies. Indeed their situation is truly pitiable; disappointed in their hopes, laughed at by the public, and what is still worse—no longer *popular*; let them turn their minds to some worthier employment, and endeavour to get their bread honestly.

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Nor HOLLAND's Spouse*, nor HOLLAND's mantling bowl
Can rouse from torpor his benighted soul.
Illustrious HOLLAND! doom'd by angry fate
To rack the muses, and reform the state;
Consistent Peer! unstain'd with courtly crimes,
Save some few *venial*† spots, and doggrel rhymes;
His J*****Y lost,—shall haply mount the throne,
And execrate all dulness—but his own.

F. Some play or farce that gallery, box, and pit
Applaud for solid sense and sterling wit,
Name;—

---

* Lord Byron says,—"*My Lady* skims the cream of each critique," in the Edinburgh Review:—nay more—

"Breathes o'er each page—(what, in the name of wonder?)
her *purity of soul.*"

† This word has found a very *familiar* application of late days.

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P. Why, methinks no puzzling task were this:
The "*Bee Hive,*" "*Sleeping Beauty,*" "*Hit or Miss**."
Such scenes as POCOCK, SKEFFINGTON produce,
And rivall'd but by *Punch* and *Mother Goose.*
Our modern playwrights, unambitious elves,
Trust to the actor more than to themselves;
Some strange peculiarity they hit,
A shrug and wink, well manag'd, pass for wit;
And LISTON's idiot stare, and OXB'RY's bray,
Have sav'd (with shame I speak it) many a play.

---

* Three very popular pieces of absurdity. "The Sleeping Beauty" is the production of Mr. Skeffington; the "Bee Hive," and "Hit or Miss," are from the pen of Mr. James Pocock. Mr. Mathews gave the oaths in the latter piece to admiration; and "*Prime, bang up!*" superseded the former polite phrases of "*Push on, keep moving! Damme, that's your sort!*"

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Would you to rapture raise the vulgar throng,
Let MATHEWS play the fool, and sing his song:
A thousand tongues shall roar at FAWCETT's croak,
And MUNDEN's jaws pass current for a joke.

F. Why slumbers SHERIDAN* in this dull age?
Why thus a willing truant from the stage,

---

* Who does not lament that this great man should pass the remaining portion of his days in pursuits wholly inconsistent with his talents and rank in life? Of all the distinguished characters of the present age, I cannot name one who, in my estimation, has had (and I grieve to say, neglected) so many opportunities of rendering himself nobly popular. But while I lament that he has not done *more*, let me not forget to acknowledge what he *has done*. If these lines should ever be fortunate enough to meet his eye, he will see that my admonition is dictated by the high respect that I entertain for his talents: it is not for the brilliant wit and the enlightened statesman to exclaim—

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Views he unmov'd the sickly taste that draws
Dishonest fame, and panders for applause?
Why not revive the times that once have been,
When wit and humour grac'd the comic scene;
And folly, dragg'd before the public view,
Blush'd to behold her image drawn so true?

P. Would wit and humour please the swinish crowd,
While DIBDIN, POOLE *, and REYNOLDS croak so loud?

"*Mihi sit propositum in tabernâ mori;*
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori;
Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius huic Potatori."

Let him attend—and the name of Sheridan may still be the admiration of posterity.

---

* Mr. John Poole, author of "Hamlet Travestie," and the dramatic pieces of "Intrigue" and "The Hole in the Wall."

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How would the boxes storm, the galleries rage,
To see their favourites banish'd from the stage;
And call aloud, ere sense could be restor'd,
For LAURENT's grin, and RIDGWAY's magic sword?
Heav'ns! could such scenes engage the public mind
Did virtue, truth, or sense, remain behind?
In vain we boast of SHAKSPEARE's mighty pow'r,
For music now must charm the vacant hour;
OTWAY, no more we drop a tear with thee,
For song and dance are all we hear and see;
Except when KEMBLE*, to delight the few,
Restores immortal SHAKSPEARE to our view.

---

* Let me not be called hyperbolical when I assert that Mr. Kemble is equal to any tragic actor, ancient or modern. He is both a scholar and a gentleman, and consequently no favourite with the "groundlings." Some call him pedantic—I uphold that he is clas-

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F. Say who's to blame?

P. The sottish town, that pays.

The fool with laughter,—not the bard with praise;

That looks for, in distortion and grimace,

Nature's soft ease, and wit's enchanting grace.

'Tis not enough that the rude gallery folks

Admire thy genius, and applaud thy jokes;

---

sical. For a specimen of his astonishing powers, I might advert to almost every great character in tragedy; but I will confine myself to one in which the immortal Garrick so much excelled—*King Lear:* here Mr. Kemble not only rose above himself, but above every other actor in my remembrance. The manner in which he gave the curse upon Goneril, in the First Act, was too heart-rending for the human feelings; the whole audience rose—it was a moment of enthusiasm, such as conception can hardly reach, and language never adequately describe—

"I can't find words, and pity those that can!"

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That clapping theatres the benches shake
Less for *thy* merit, than contention's sake;
Bold in *thyself*, uphold the Drama's laws;
Nor basely pander for a mob's applause.
To win, employ the graces of thy style,
Not the loud laugh, but the approving smile;
To Hook and Dimond leave the noisy crew,
Content to number the judicious few;
Nor let thy wit, like bards of little worth,
Offend our reason, to provoke our mirth.

Once 'twas the fashion, in an earlier day,
For two, at least *one* plot to form a play;
But our sage authors frugally dispense
With plots; nay, more—with nature, wit, and sense;
Through five long acts their weary audience lull,
Most cold and tasteless, most perversely dull.

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For me, no blind disciple of the schools
That laugh and cry by ARISTOTLE's rules;
I loathe the fool whose humour lies in trick,
While sentimental trumpery makes me sick;
And "*Ohs!*" and "*Ahs!*" and "*Dammes!*" modern wit—
Can please me never, though they please the pit.
Yet not a Cynic, nor devour'd by spleen,
I needs must smile if COLMAN grace the scene;
Let humour broad, with polish'd wit combine,
No faculties more risible than mine:
But shall I laugh because some antic droll
Squints in my face?—I cannot for my soul!
In times like these, when ev'ry forward dunce
Starts up, good lord! a Dramatist at once,

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Could JONSON rise—how vain were *his* essay,
Some modern wit would bear the palm away:
Yes! though perforce we hail a JONSON *dead*,
A *living* JONSON p'rhaps might beg his bread.

You blame my taste, if careless midst the roar,
When noble critics hiccup out "*Encore!*"
As CATALANI*, charming queen of sounds,
Sings a bravura—for a hundred pounds;

---

* Monsieur Vallabrique lately made the modest demand of *five hundred guineas* per night for Madame Catalani to sing at a concert! The presumption of this illiterate Frenchman is past all belief. Our nobility would do well not to encourage these *foreign vagabonds;* who, if admitted to the smallest share of familiarity, forget they are mere buffoons, and never fail to return it with the most disgusting impertinence.

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Or blythe DESHAYES all life and spirit swims
Through the gay dance, and twirls his pliant limbs,
I sit unmov'd, a cold phlegmatic guest,
Nor cry "*Encore!*" and "*Bravo!*" like the rest.
Form'd in a coarser mould, untaught by art,
I love the plainer language of the heart;
No far-fetch'd song that strains the lab'ring throat,
No squeaking eunuch's soft Italian note;
No attitude obscene 'gainst nature's plan,
Which more bespeaks the monkey than the man.
Merit stand by—for lo! with servile leer
Some warbling *Signior*, elbow'd by a peer;
A willing slave, now banter'd, now caress'd,
Kick'd, laugh'd at, worshipp'd—as my lord thinks best!

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Advances forth, obligingly polite,
To charm his friends—for fifty pounds per night.
'Tis foreign all—no native talent here
With artless, simple notes delights the ear;
But sounds that least of harmony partake,
Much lengthen'd quaver, and affected shake;
A heterogeneous mass—God help the while!
Which p'rhaps the cognoscenti christen "*style.*"
Thus fool'd—and thus instructed by the tribe,
Their follies with their pleasures we imbibe;
Till by degrees we grow, like them, debas'd;
Corrupt in morals, as deprav'd in taste.
This shameful truth let slighted genius tell,—
In vain in arts Britannia's sons excel,
Since Britain proves, through prejudice alone,
A friend to ev'ry genius, but her own.

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How DULNESS smil'd on that auspicious morn,
When rising with a huge portentous yawn,
She saw enthron'd her favourite ARNOLD sit
In Drury's fane the arbiter of wit.
" My son," the joyful mother cry'd, and then
Into his trembling fingers thrust a pen,
" *Something* thou shalt produce—no matter what—
An old romance supplies thee with a plot;
Then steal or borrow, to cajole the folks,
TOM D'URFEY'S Madrigals, and MILLER'S * jokes:
All these together in confusion thrown,
Well sprinkled with some nonsense of thine own,

---

* Mr. Joseph Miller, the famous jester; whose book of puns has been of infinite service to our modern Farce-writers; and to none more so than Mr. Samuel Arnold.

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And some odd scraps, by COLMAN thrown away,
Will (HOLT* can answer for it) make a play.
Long may'st thou live to prove the scourge of sense,
And nurture folly at a large expence!
To catch each novelty, howe'er absurd;
And raise all hell, as FAUSTUS gives the word.
Though POLITO, to make the people stare,
Erect his annual booth at Smithfield Fair;

---

* Mr. Holt wrote a Comedy, called "The Land we live in," which was very properly hooted from the stage. This gentleman suffered a severe castigation from the pen of Jew Brandon, in a preface to his Opera of "Kais." It seems that Mr. Holt had attacked Mr. Brandon's piece, "The Idol which Nebuchadnezzar the King had set up."—As the offence was committed six years ago, I hope the parties are by this time reconciled:

"Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But *fool* with *fool* is barb'rous civil war."

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Where lions roar with wide distended jaws,
And grinning serpents hiss with vast applause;
How vain are all his efforts to out-do!—
—Old Drury's stage shall boast its monsters too.
But if, with equal emulation fir'd,
Thy rival Harris hath each monster hir'd,
(A genuine son, a kindred spirit he,
And second in my love to none, but thee;)
Let Raymond take some fierce *Rhinoceros'* shape,
And Oxb'ry be transform'd into an *Ape;*
Next let *thy* talents find their proper use,
Do thou, as best becomes thee, play the *Goose;*
Then all shall own, while they admire the cast,
Thou'st found thy fittest character at last.
See how my children in one cause unite,
Lo, Larpent reads! while Hooke and Reynolds write;

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Dull Brinsley sleeps, and should he wake again,
I fear some revolution in our reign;
But Kotzebue's bombast, fearing to expire,
Stole the last spark of his immortal fire.

To drain our wealth what numbers cross the main,
Fiddlers from France, and mountebanks from Spain;
From Italy a host of warbling slaves,
From Holland grave mynheers, egregious knaves:
There Indian jugglers ply their trade for hire,
And here a Prussian lady swallows fire;
While rushing crowds assemble far and near,
What to behold?—a Cossack and his spear!
When Polito might gratify their view
With sights as ugly, and as human too.

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But most to thee, O Germany! we owe
Our choicest stock of rarities below;
Counts, gamesters*, princes, jostling side by side,
Thy low-born offal, and thy high-dutch pride,
All who for wit or want their country leave,
Kind, we invite, and grateful, we receive:
Thus cramm'd—impos'd on, much beyond our due,
'Tis hard methinks to send us poets too!
Our taste is German—and our wives will say,
How pure the doctrine of a German play!

---

* A German Count and a gamester are nearly synonimous terms: even many of the highest of the nobility resort to play, to improve their narrow fortunes. The celebrated George Selwyn, being haughtily commanded by some petty elector to quit his kingdom in *three days*, replied, "Please your highness I will look upon your dominions in *half an hour*."

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Where vice appears so innocently dress'd,
We almost fancy cuckoldom a jest*;
For the frail nymph so well her crime defends,
The couple weep, embrace, and soon are friends†!

---

* As in the cases of the present lady H**l***, lady P*g**, and other illustrious courtezans, who appear at dr—g r—ms—

"—— Where never wh**e approaches,
Unless they ride in their own coaches."

---

† Literally the case: a passage from Doctor Young's Tragedy of the "Revenge" is not here inapplicable.—Zanga, addressing Alonzo concerning his wife's supposed infidelity, remarks—

"If you forgive, the world will call you *good*;
If you forget, the world will call you *wise*;
If you receive her to your grace again,
The world will call you *very, very kind*."

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Nor stop we here—strange farragos succeed,
("Oh, horrible! most horrible indeed!")
Undaunted IRELAND* dares the mighty test,
Although, in raising spirits and the rest,
LEWIS without a rival stands confest.
Though sprites appear obedient at his will,
Ghosts are but ghosts; and demons, demons still;
Alike in matter, and in form the same:—
Hobgoblins differ only—in the name:
Yet LEWIS trembles lest his fame be won,
And MISTRESS RADCLIFFE fears herself outdone.

---

* Mr. Ireland has written a great number of romances, full of the most ridiculous *diablerie*; in one of them is the merry incident of "*a little red woman*" being yearly whipped round the abbey cloisters by the devil!

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But these are harmless, satire must confess,
To the loose novels of MINERVA's Press;
Such melting tales as MEEKE and ROSA tell;
For pious LANE, who knows his readers well,
Can suit all palates with their diff'rent food,
Love for the hoyden, morals for the prude.
Behold prepar'd, with quills already drawn,
Th' industrious train who scribble night and morn;
Five pounds per volume! their enormous bribe:—
Enough methinks to tempt a hungry scribe.
First LADY MORGAN*, Amazonian Fair!
(Ye gods! what will not LADY MORGAN dare?)

---

* Lady Morgan, late Miss Owenson; a most indefatigable caterer for the Minerva Library.

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With four octavo volumes shocks the sight;
For who can read as fast as she can write?
Next fair LLEWELLYN *, modestly indeed,
Would have us *name* her works, as well as *read*;
Which to perform, in language just and brief,
Let "*bawdry*" be inscrib'd on every leaf.
MATILDA toils the promis'd boon to win,
And ANN OF SWANSEA wades through thick and thin;
While BRIDGET BLUEMANTLE's eternal scrawl
Makes truly more waste-paper than them all.
Would you with blushes tinge the virgin cheek,
Read "Midnight Weddings!" penn'd by MRS. MEEKE:

---

* "Read, and give it a Name," a Novel, in four volumes, by Mrs. Llewellyn.

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Soft amorous stories by HONORIA SCOTT*,
Of ravishments, seductions, and what not:
Or GUNNING's tales, for GUNNING, to my taste,
Is sprightly, witty, any thing—but chaste:
Or "Rival Princes," anger's latest spark,
Pride of them all, and worthy MRS. CLARKE.

I pass in silence, authors not a few;
CERVANTES HOGG†, and all the Grub-Street crew:
Alas! more worthy of contempt than rage,
Their worthless names would but defile my page:

---

* "Amatory Tales of Spain, France, Switzerland, and the Mediterranean;" by Honoria Scott.

---

† Mr. Cervantes Hogg, author of the "Rising Sun," and the "Baronche Driver and his Wife;" most despicable catch-penny trash.

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The muse shall never gibbet them on high,
Obscurely as they liv'd, why let them die.

F. 'Tis pitiful—but why indulge your spleen?
Will all this useless railing mend the scene?
Your satire is too pointed, too severe,
And little suited to the public ear.
HOLLAND, who now and then, to serve his ends,
Invites some score of literary friends,
Will meet you at his table with an air
That plainly tells you have no bus'ness there.
"Ye gods!" he cries, "shall I, who think sublime
MATILDA's motley hash of prose and rhyme,
By one, who begs a dinner at my door,
Be school'd—and play 'Sir Oracle' no more?"
—Thus banish'd from his presence in disgrace,
Methinks starvation stares you in the face.

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P. I guess you well—henceforth no verse of mine
Shall question Rose's* title to "*divine*;"
No more in critic gall I'll dip my quill,
Let Feist† and Croker scribble what they will;

---

* Mr. William Stewart Rose composed a bulky quarto, called "Partenopex of Blois.—A very few extracts will give the reader some idea of Mr. Rose's felicity in writing what Ben Jonson calls "*no language at all.*"

"With that 'twas wrought of *fayery so dight.*"
"Melior in *sooth* it was, the sov'reign *fay*,
The wardress of that keep and garden gay,
She on the bed her dainty limbs *down laid.*"

---

† An attorney's clerk, and a maker of verses. A droll story is told of Mr. Feist: he employed a printer to print his poems, sent for a dozen copies for himself, but entirely *forgot* to pay the expence of the publication.—

"Wits have short memories, and *dunces* none."

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Let dying Strephons void their monthly stuff,

" And d—d be he that first cries, ' Hold, enough !' "

F. Wisely resolv'd—since this contention ends,

All Grub-street and the court shall prove your friends;

Brisk maids of honour quit their fond amours,

And LITTLE's am'rous page, to doat on yours.

P. Yet DRYDEN never fear'd with manly rage

To lash the full-grown vices of the age;

But spurning what he thought dishonest fame,

Call'd ev'ry rogue and blockhead by his name;

Thus SHADWELL's dulness, SHAFTSBURY's baser crimes.

Are handed down to all succeeding times.

POPE (who retains pre-eminence, in spite

Of all that WESTON*, all that BOWLES could write)

---

* This miserable grub was employed some years ago to defame Pope in the Gentleman's Magazine.

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To conquer vice the surest method found,
He aim'd with care to give the deeper wound;
And counting titles, wealth, inferior things,
To VIRTUE gave what he deny'd to KINGS.

And shall the muse*, freeborn, to none a slave;
Unbrib'd, unbought, by any fool or knave,
A votary oft at freedom's holy shrine,
Check the just warmth of her satiric line?

---

* ODE.

Of all the slaves by fate accurst,
Sure a DEPENDANT is the worst,
The dupe of every whim;
The negro chain'd on Afric's shore,—
The meanest wretch that tugs the oar,
Is blest, compar'd to him.

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Free let it flow while truth directs its course,
Strong in its tide, resistless in its force;

Heav'n guard me from the ills of life!
Six froward imps, a scolding wife,
A coxcomb's vain parade;
A doctor's bill, a pleader's bawl,
A larder lean—but most of all
From *Flattery's* fawning trade.

See APPIUS, curst with mighty gains,
How great his pride! how small his brains!
How haughty, cold, and stern!
Behold him at a levee wait—
The sycophant, a tool of state,
Must bow and cringe in turn.

Sprung from the lowest dregs of earth,
He boasts no high patrician birth,
No great illustrious name;
A supple droll, ordain'd for sport,
He serves to play the fool at court,
Where C[illegible]N does the same.

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And shame the hoary pimp, the courtly tool,
The bold-fac'd villain, and the harmless fool.

Though fortune give me such a share
Of wealth, that leaves me none to spare;
A happier fate is mine:
Since providence hath largely sent
A richer portion in CONTENT,
And why should I repine?

For know, my friend, of human bliss
The whole economy is this—
(Experience speaks it true:)
If little be our worldly part,
To sit resign'd—and learn the art
To make that little do.

Here seated in my calm retreat,
My milk is pure, my fruits are sweet,
Wash'd by the early dews;
How fresh the breeze! how clear the sky!
My faithful handmaids ever nigh,
Contentment and the muse.

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Shall BRITAIN, spot of heav'n's peculiar care,

Her sons so warlike and her nymphs so fair,

My house, a crib—built firm and strong,
My garden, half an acre long,
Well planted o'er with flowers;
And then of books a precious store,
Of ancient and of modern lore,
To charm the lonely hours.

Thanks to the gods for what they send!
A cheerful glass to treat a friend,
Of liquor old and rare;
O'er which, borne high on fancy's wing,
We drink our country and our king,
Or toast some fav'rite fair.

And what I hold my greatest pride,
A partner, in affliction tried,
O'er life's tempestuous sea;
Kind, patient, affable, sincere,
To all who know her virtues, dear—
But doubly dear to me.

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Whose envied fame is borne on every breeze,
As waves her flag majestic o'er the seas;
Shall BRITAIN see her liberties despis'd,
Once jealously maintain'd, and dearly priz'd,
And silently behold her court outblaze
The rank obscenity of CHARLES's days?

Thanks to the gods for what they give!
Thus *independent* let me live;
Thus *independent* die;
Steal from the world—not quite unknown—
And may some monumental stone
Point where my ashes lie.

Enough, that o'er their father's bier
My children drop the filial tear,
By fond affection shed;
And (grateful to the poet's mind)
The humble works I leave behind,
Embalm my memory dead.

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Shall vice make virtue crouch beneath her feet,
And grey seduction prowl from street to street;
And sins too black and horrible to name,
In her unhappy land be thought no shame?
Shall SCRIPTURE, blessed fount of truth divine,
Which made by holy faith the Saviour mine,
And taught me through this dark sojourn to see
Altho' a wanderer, he died for me;
By daring infidels and fools at best,
Be boldly call'd a bubble and a jest*?

---

* Such has been the final opinion of those who have rested on the broken reed of abstruse speculation. We may admire the splendid talents of the Atheist, the subtilty of his arguments, and the eloquence of his language; but how shall our admiration sink into contempt, to behold those very acquirements with which God has endowed him, most traitorously employed in subverting the noblest

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And O! to make her infamy complete,

Shall truth and justice quit the judgment-seat,

---

truths of his revelation, and rendering his omnipotence a matter of doubt to his creatures? The life of the Atheist may be dazzling, but his death is dark and gloomy; he is never so happy as when endeavouring to convince the world of the truth of his arguments, which, in solitude, he finds it difficult to reconcile to his own conscience. In crowds, he is the gay trifling man of the world; in seclusion, the dark, discontented misanthropé: in health, death is the subject of his sport; in sickness, he comes armed in all his terrors. The sun shines in the firmament, but his glories are not for him; the seasons return, but their fruits wither in his sight; *time* is lost in idle speculations, and *eternity* shall be spent in bewailing his error. The disciples of Voltaire can receive little consolation from his death. "I wished," said M. Tronchin, his physician, "that the converts of that celebrated writer had been witnesses of his last moments."—"I die, abandoned by God and man!" was the awful exclamation of that mistaken philosopher.

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And law, her strong defence in former times,
Uphold the guilty, and defend their crimes?
Shall sins like these, which loud for vengeance call,
And urge a tottering nation to its fall,
Unbridled reign, and satire's voice be dumb?
Nor warn a guilty land of wrath to come?
I will—

F. Fine words! lash blockheads to the bone,
But leave, my friend, pray leave the GREAT alone;
The sons of dulness, *they* were made for sport,
But spare, for prudence sake, O spare *the Court!*
MY LORD, whose frown keeps modest truth in awe,
Array'd in all the terrors of the law,
Suspends his legal vengeance.

P. Let it fall;—
One smile from virtue makes amends for all;

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A JEFFERIES' rage can ne'er my terrors raise,
I scorn his censure as I hate his praise.

THOU (if a voice, still true to virtue's cause,
Dare give neglected honesty applause),
Who, free from private pique, from party zeal,
Canst like a poet write, a patriot feel,
Accept my verse; relax thy brow awhile,
Nor scorn my labours for their homely style.
If now and then a happier line appear,
And sound with sweeter music in thine ear;
A brighter thought, in which thou seest combin'd
Sound judgment, fertile fancy, strength of mind;
Such as may justly claim thy meed of praise,
And call to mind the bards of former days;

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'Tis all I hope—but far from me be those
Who flatter Grenville's* rhyme, or Dibdin's prose;
Phlegmatic judges, who unmov'd can sit,
And Arnold's ribaldry mistake for wit;
O'er Dimond's† puling scenes lament and sigh,
With Skeffington, or Godwin ‡ laugh and cry;
And O! (what wonders we may live to see)
Think Coleridge, mighty Shakspeare, rivals thee!

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* Lord George Grenville, author of "Portugal," a Poem.

† Mr Dimond is author of "The Hunter of the Alps," "Adrian and Orrilla," "The Foundling of the Forest," and several other pieces in the German style.

‡ Mr. Godwin wrote a ludicrous Tragedy, called "Faulkner," which was d—d at Drury Lane Theatre.

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Let such dull loungers (if they rise so soon)
At dry rehearsals spend their time till noon;
To billiards stroll, or half asleep peruse
The vague abortions of FITZGERALD'S muse;
Then at ALBINA'S rout complete the yawn,
With her blue-stocking friends, and gape till morn.

THE END.

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